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DALE KEOWN

PITT story

DALE KEOWN
art & story
BRIAN HOTTON
story script
STEVE OLIFF
colors
RON KASMAN
lettering
OLYOPTICS
color separations
KELL-O-GRAPHICS
film output

DAN PANOSIAN
cover inks
CHANCE WOLF
PITT logo

BONGOTONE
Publication design
Full Bleed logo
PHILLIP M. FOXHOVEN
PITT business contact

LUPE story

DALE KEOWN
creator
RICHARD PACE
story/art
STEVE OLIFF
colors
KEN BRUZENAK
lettering
OLYOPTICS
color separations
KELL-O-GRAPHICS
film output

OLYOPTICS CREDITS
PITT #2

SEPARATOR:	PAGE #
Tracey Anderson	cover
Tracey Anderson	1
Tracey Anderson	2
Tracey Anderson	3
Chris McHugh	4
Quinn Supplee	5
Quinn Supplee	6
Tracey Anderson	7
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Marie StClair	9
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Tracey Anderson	16
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Brec Blackford	18
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Tracey Anderson	20

Full Bleed Business Correspondence: 36889 N. Tom Darlington Dr., P.O. Box 2800-297 Carefree, AZ 85377

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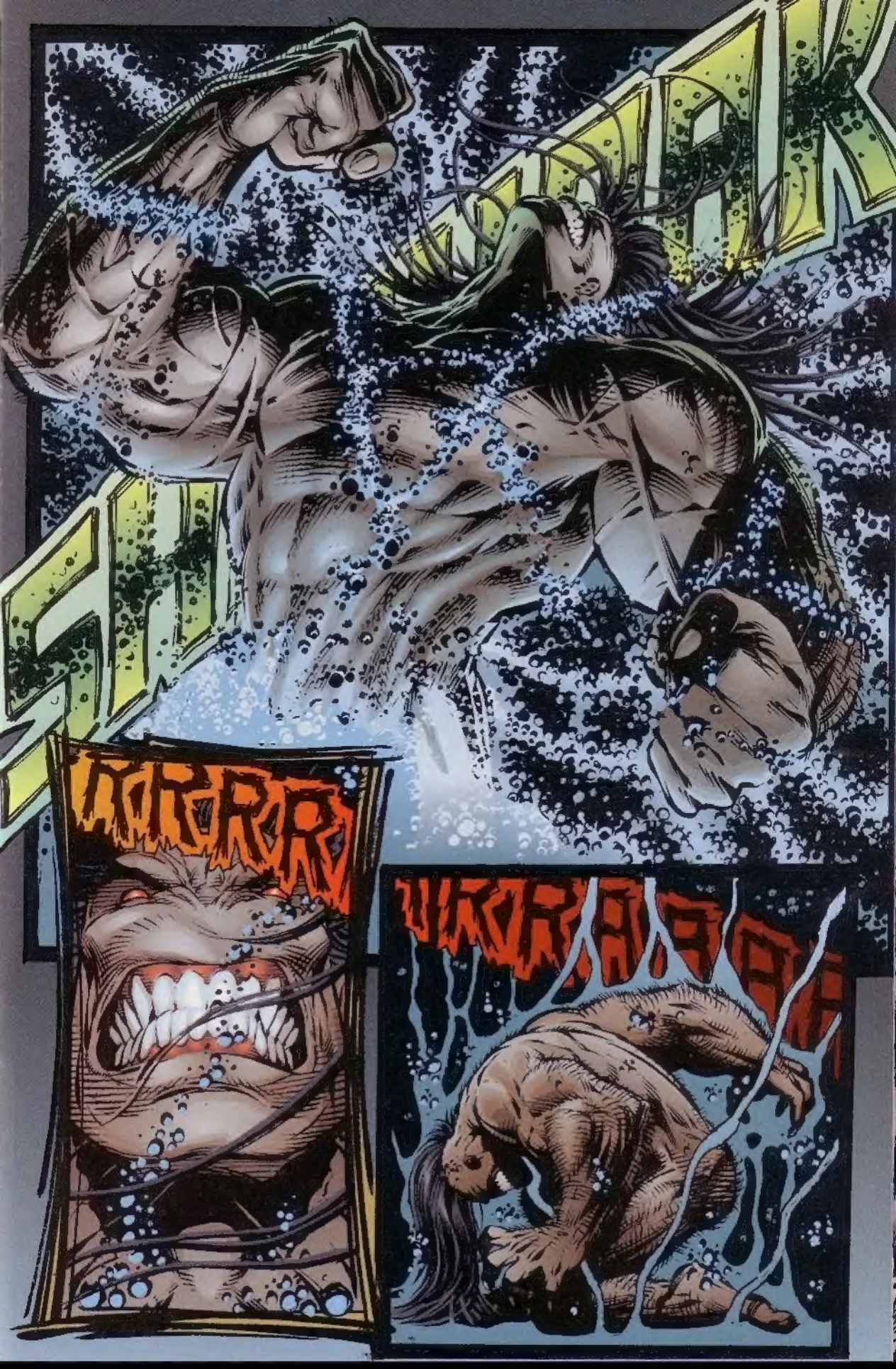
PITT
THE LINES WERE DRAWN. DESTRUCTION OF CHAKRA WAS IMMINENT. ONLY ONE HAD THE POWER TO HALT THEIR IMPENDING ONSLAUGHT.
ARTIST AND WRITER
DALE KEOWN
CO-WRITER: BRIAN HOTTON
LETTERER: RON KASMAN
APPROACHING SPACE BAY ONE, REQUEST PERMISSION TO ENTER RECEIVING DOCK.
PROCEED.
IN SECURITY LOCK ONE. I SUGGEST WE INTERROGATE THE PRISONER HERE. OUR FACILITIES CAN BE VERY... PERSUASIVE.
WHERE IS PITT?

BLOODY FOOL, YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE UP AGAINST!
OH I HAVE AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF PITT'S FEROCITY!
I HAVE TWELVE MUTILATED SOLDIERS TO PROVE IT.
HERE WE ARE.
TITANIUM ALLOY. TOTALLY UNESCAPABLE!
FOR YOUR SAKE, YOU BETTER BE RIGHT.
PITT HAS BEEN UNDER MY WATCHFUL EYE SINCE HIS ARRIVAL. SENTRIES GUARD HIM DAY AND NIGHT. A CLOSED CIRCUIT MONITOR WAS INSTALLED IN MY BED--
SHUT UP AND OPEN THE CELL!
STAND READY!!
gulp...

GONE!!?
IMPOSSIBLE.
IMPOSSIBLE...
IMPOSSIBLE!!!
KRA-
POOWW
GRANPA, SEEING THE PENGUINS AND GETTING THIS AUTOGRAPHED LEMIEUX HOCKEY STICK, IS THE BEST PRESENT EVER!
WELL IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A BOY TURNS EIGHT, YOU KNOW.
SO THIS IS WHERE THE SKANKS HANG OUT.
@#%★! -N-@★#%!
EARTH... NEW YORK CITY.
HEY WATCH IT YOU CREEP!
TIMMY, YOU STAY PUT.

IT'S SKANKS LIKE YOU THAT MAKE MY BULBOUS KNOTTY PARTS ALL TINGLY!
HMP!
YEA PARTY ON GARTH...!
OH PLEASE GOD NO!!
NOW JUST WAIT A COTTON PICKIN' MINUTE THERE. YOU BOYS...
THAP!
CHUP
HOOF
STAY OUT OF THIS YOU OLD@#%!
GRAB HIS WATCH AND WALLET.
WATCH OUT FOR THE KID!!
LEAVE MY GRANDPA ALONE YOU SLUG!!
I HATE KIDS.
OOOOFFF!!
WUD
KKZZZZAAATTT
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
WHAT THE @%☆!?!



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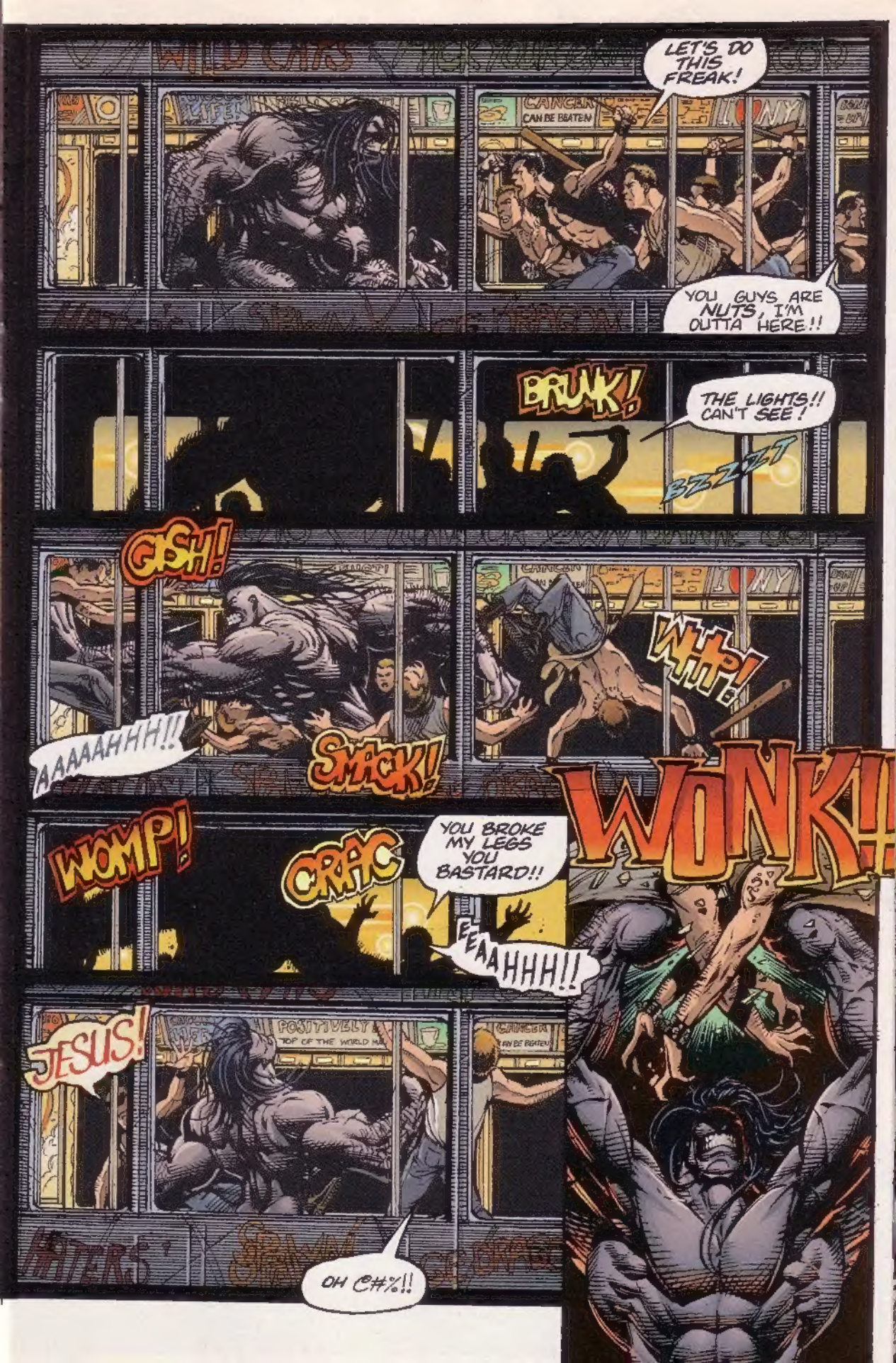
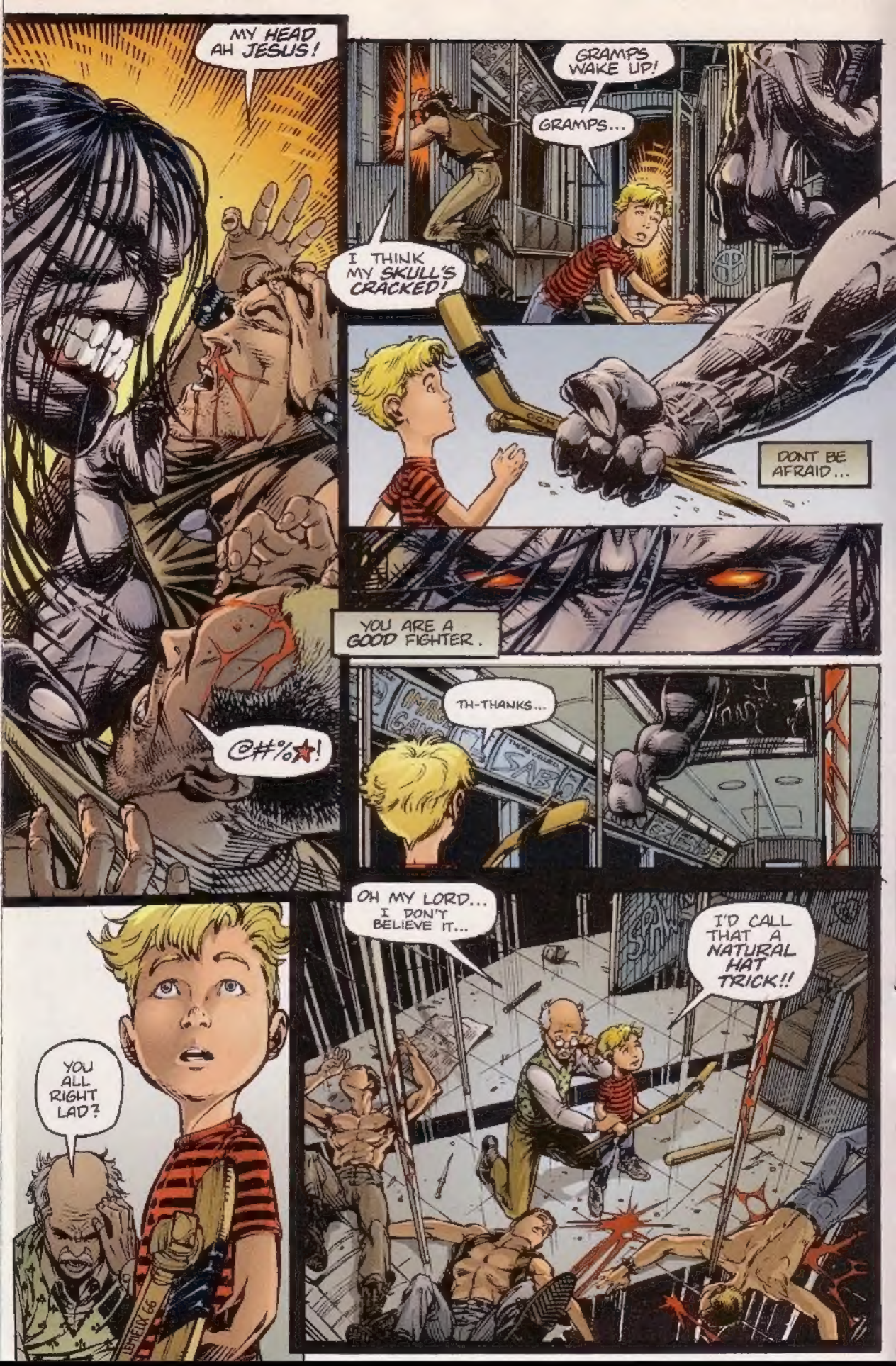
WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT?!
SOME KINDA CLAWED BARE NAKED ASS FREAK. THAT'S WHAT!!
HOLY C@#☆! HE JUST KINDA BEAMED IN LIKE.
HE LOOKS TOUGH TONY!
I DON'T CARE HOW TOUGH HE LOOKS, WE CAN TAKE HIM!!


LET'S DO THIS FREAK!
CANCER CAN BE BEATEN
YOU GUYS ARE NUTS, I'M OUTTA HERE!!
BRUNK!
THE LIGHTS!! CAN'T SEE!
BZZZLT
GOSH!
AAAAAHHH!!
SMACK!
WHP!
WONK!
WOMP!
CRAC
YOU BROKE MY LEGS YOU BASTARD!!
EEAAHHH!!
JESUS!
POSITIVELY TOP OF THE WORLD MA
CANCER CAN BE BEATEN
OH C#%!!



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DISCREPANCY IN THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.
NEED TIME TO ADJUST.
GOING TO HAVE PROBLEMS FITTING IN.
I HATE IT ALREADY...

MORGUE, NEW YORK CITY.
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HER REAL NAME WAS. THE D.E.A. NICK-NAMED HER LUPUS BECAUSE THEY SUSPECTED SHE USED TRAINED WOLVES TO KILL HER RIVALS IN THE DRUG TRADE.
POLICE FOUND THREE SMALL-TIME DEALERS NEAR THE CRIME SCENE. THEY WERE MUTILATED AND DECAPITATED, THAT WAS LUPUS' M.O.. WE'RE CONFIDENT THAT SHE'S THE KILLER.
BUT WE HAVE NO IDEA WHO KILLED HER.
OR WHAT KILLED HER.
THE KILLER CRUSHED HER CHEST AND HEART USING A LARGE SHARP INSTRUMENT, PERHAPS AN AXE.
OR A CLAWED HAND. WE'RE KEEPING THE D.E.A. OUT OF THIS FOR NOW, SO DON'T FILE IT UNDER LUPUS.
THEN WHAT SHOULD I FILE IT UNDER?
X.
HEY, GOOD LOOKIN', TELL ME, WHAT'S..
A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU...

...DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
GET HER OUT OF HERE!
I DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT WITCH AGAIN UNTIL WE BURN HER!
LONDON, 1730 AD.
PLEASE DON'T! I'M NOT A WITCH! I'M NOT!
I'M SURPRISED YOU WERE ABLE TO GET A CONFESSION OUT OF HER AT ALL, WITCHCATCHER.
I AM A WITCHFINDER, SIR MOWRY. AND I ALWAYS MAKE THEM CONFESS.
SOONER OR LATER.
MALLEVS MALEFICAR
THAT GIRL, DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE SHE LIED AND ADMITTED TO BEING A WITCH JUST TO STOP THE TORTURER?
YES. IN FACT, SHE DID LIE. SHE ISN'T A WITCH.
HOWEVER, LYING IS A SIN. IF SHE'S WEAK ENOUGH TO SIN TO CEASE SOME PAIN, THEN SHE'S WEAK ENOUGH TO BE SWAYED BY THE DEVIL.
BY BURNING HER AT THE STAKE I'M SAVING HER SOUL.
I'M DOING GOD'S WORK!

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, I BEG YOU TO LISTEN! I'M NOT A WITCH!
NO, GIRLY, NOT A WITCH, NOT YOU.
WHY WON'T ANYONE LISTEN?
PLEASE--
I'M NO WITCH, BUT I AM--
--SO VERY--
--VERY--
HUNGRY!

MY FATHER'S FATHER TOOK THIS SILVER DAGGER FROM THE FIRST WITCH HE BURNED AT THE STAKE.
IT'S REALLY A PITY THAT SO FEW WITCHES HAVE MUCH SILVER.
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
AAARRRGHH!
THE OLD HAG CHANGED TO A MONSTER AND ATE THE GIRL, AND NOW THE BEAST'S TRYING TO--
SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT, NOW!
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK

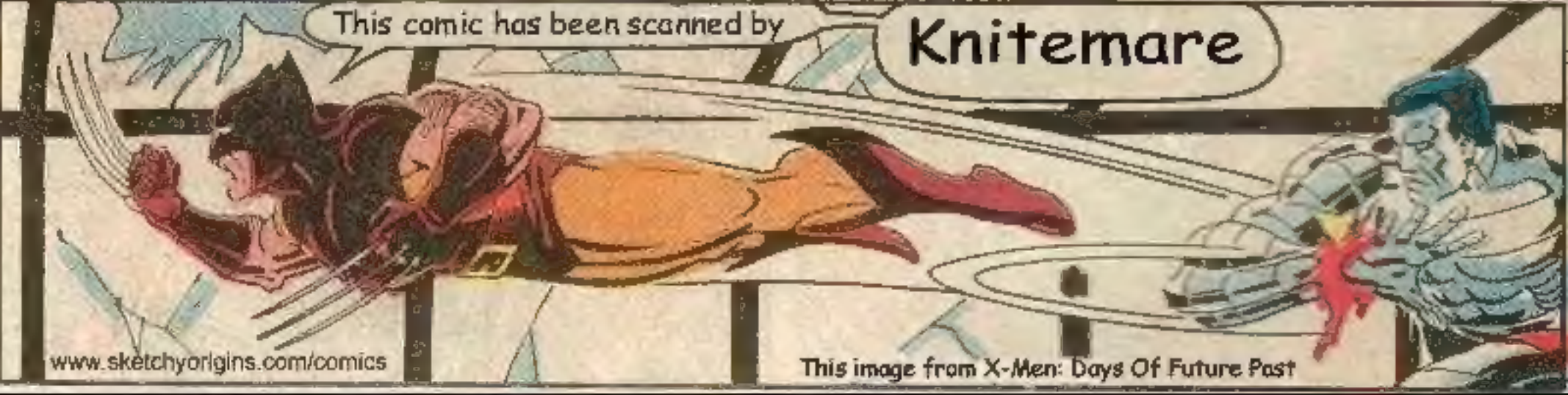
RRRAAUGH!
NO!
DIE, DEMON!
RRRRRAAAUGHHGH

TAKE THESE BODIES OUT AND BURN THEM.
OH, YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?
IT BIT ME. BUT THE WOUND HEALED SO QUICKLY...
PERHAPS THERE IS SOME WITCH IN YOU AFTER ALL. WE'LL HAVE TO BURN YOU ALL THE SOONER.
YOU KNEW I... YOU KNOW I'M NOT A WITCH AND YOU'RE STILL GOING TO...
YOU WILL BURN AT THE STAKE BEFORE SUNRISE!
I DON'T THINK THAT WILL HAPPEN.
THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD

THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD AT ALL!
SHE LOOKS GOOD TO ME!
HER CHEST WOUND SEEMS TO HAVE HEALED OVER. I'LL TAKE A SAMPLE OF THE SKIN THERE...
YOU...
...SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP...
...YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF!
KKRAKKRAK

MMVZZZZZZZZZZZZ
OH, YES...
...I WANTED TO ASK YOU...
ZZZZZZZ
DO I STILL LOOK GOOD TO YOU?
UH, Y-YES.
LIAR!
RRRAAAAGHG

UH WHAT...
HEY, YOU...
YOU BROKE MY ARM...
YOU'RE LUCKY...
I USUALLY BREAK HEARTS!



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